Wm. Fitz Charles M'Carty.

The Clever Adventurer who has Fooled Three Governments.

How He Pulled the Wool Over the Eyes and Extracted Money from the Pockets of the Spanish Minister and Consul-General.

[From *N. Y. Sun.*]

About a year ago a brilliant person, calling himself Col. William Fitz Charles McCarty, was indicted at the Court of General Sessions in this city for larceny. The charge was preferred by Mrs. Lynch of Broadway, the well-know diamond merchant. The alleged larceny for which "Col." McCarty was arrested and tried was the theft of a certain number of diamonds belonging to Mrs. Lynch. It came out on the trial that Mrs. Lynch had entrusted these diamonds with one Hand, of Texas mustang notoriety, for negotiation and sale; and McCarty had induced Hand to believe that he (McCarty) could dispose of them advantageously; that on such representation Hand had handed over the diamonds to McCarty, from whose possession McCarty swore they had been stolen. McCarty was acquitted. The complainant failed to prove that the larceny had been committed while the diamonds were actually in McCarty's possession. As a matter of fact, McCarty escaped conviction by a legal technicality.

During the trial this McCarty testified under oath that he had served on the staff of the Khedive of Egypt. A few days after the publication of his evidence an ex-officer of the Egyptian army and an ex-Aide-de-camp of the Khedive published a letter in the columns of a New York newspaper, in which he asserted that McCarty had never been in the Egyptian army, never on the Khedive's staff, and never been in Cairo or Alexandria; in fact, that his entire testimony was a mass of perjury.

McCarty is a handsome man, over six feet high, dresses extravagantly, always immaculate in his linen and faultless in his clothes. He pretends to hail from Texas, and tells of landed property of the most valuable nature, which he owns by the hundreds of square leagues in that State. He really comes from Hagerstown, Md.

Some time after McCarty's trial for larceny, he learned that the representatives of the Spanish Government in this country were anxious to obtain any and all information that would militate against the cause of the independance of Cuba, and that they were willing and abundantly able to pay for such information. McCarty determined to supply it to them.

In order to do this more perfectly, he first of all formed the acquaintance of Don Miguel de Aldama, then the Cuban agent in this country. He presented himself as the inventor and patentee of some kind of marine torpedoes, which he claimed would ensure, to any vessel carying them complete security from the pursuit or attack of any inimical ship. Mr. Aldama, though sorely pressed by McCarty to buy some of these torpedoes for a vessel in which he was expected by McCarty to be then interested, declined to make any contract with him.

McCarty, however, claims to have made some such contract with a certain ex-Colonel of the Cuban army, but whether this statement is true or false it is unimportant, so far as the Cuban republic is concerned, because the ex-Colonel in question was in no way a representative person. The alleged contract, however, served McCarty's plans. McCarty's signature to this contract is attested by M. M. Friend, notary public in this city. The other signature is not attested.

Once personally acquainted with Mr. Aldama, Gen. Sanguily, and other prominent Cubans, McCarty's next move was to look about for a partner through whom he might operate upon the Spanish authorities, Don Hypolite de Uriarte, Spanish Consul-General in this city, and Sr. Mantila de los Rios, Spanish Minister in Washington. Like a skilful diplomat, McCarty chose to remain in the background until he deemed the proper moment had arrived for his appearance on the stage. This partner he found in one Henry P. Antes. It appears that the acquaintance between Antes and McCarty began in July last, through an introduction at the office of Dick Hows, at 261 Broadway.

About the 8th of November last McCarthy commenced active operations. At that date he informed Antes that he had facilitates for obtaining information concerning the movements and intentions of the Cubans here and in Europe, and that he, Antes, could sell this information at a high rate to the Spanish Consul and Minister. Antes acceded to McCarty's request, and called on the Consul General at his office, 29 Broadway. This first interview between Antes and the Consul resulted in a request by the latter to be furnished with the names of certain schooners, which he had reason to believe had lately cleared from here with arms and ammunition for the Cuban army. Antes procured from McCarty the names of three schooners, which names he gave to the Consul the same evening, and for which service he received $50 from the Consul the next day.

Antes called at the office of the Consul the next day after this payment, and was informed by him that the vessels whose names had been given had taken no arms or anything else to the Cubans. The Consul said he was persuaded that he had been swindled out of $50.

The case must have looked pretty desperate to McCarty, but he was more than equal to the occasion. He converted what looked like ruin into a triumphant victory. His task was to convince the Consul of the value, authenticity, and veracity of the information which he was to furnish through Antes. For this purpose McCarty handed to Antes a letter dated in London Oct., 12th, 1877, addressed to Mr. Aldama and signed "R. Walpole Carlin." McCarty's object was to convince the Spaniards of the importance of their retaining his services in procuring and furnishing information. He determined to furnish it on a grand scale, and of such a character that they would be sure to swallow the bait at once.

In carrying out this plan he conceived the idea of stimulating the existence in Europe of certain fictitious parties in sundry places, who were to be represented by him as in correspondence with the Cubans here, and who were to write letters to Mr. Aldama in reply to purely imaginary letters from the Cuban agent. These letters were to be accounted for by the story that they were stolen from Aldama's office by one of his clerks, and were then to be handed by McCarty to Antes for transmission to the Spanish Consul. Further to verify the authenticity of these European letters, and for the more complete mistification, not only of the Spaniards, but of his own partner, Antes, McCarty handed to Antes fictitious extracts from letters purporting to have been written by Aldama to the imaginary personages in Europe.

On one occasion, when Antes felt a little lack of confidence, he allowed McCarty to become aware of it, by asking him for the envelopes of some of these European letters which McCarty had stated were all registered in London. But McCarty was not to be caught in any such patent trap.

"I never," he replied, "have been able to obtain one of them. Aldama's clerk, who, as you know, brings them to my house, assures me positively that Aldama invariably burns them as soon as he receives them, lighting his cigarettes with them. Why, I have offered his clerk one hundred dollars for each one of them, in addition to the thirty-five dollars which I pay him every week."

On another occasion McCarty stated to senor Mantilla, in the presence of Antes, that Aldama had himself read some of the letters to him, and had assured him that he had read them all at the meetings of the Cuban Junta.

The original drafts of these fictitous letters, forty-two in number, besides five fictitous extracts from letters stated by McCarty to have been writen by Aldama, were all presented to Mr. Uriarte, Spanish Consul-General in this city, by Antes, who left copies of them with him. The originals are in a package in the safe of Capt. Gerner, 49 Chambers street, in this city, in a package on which is written, "Deliverable only to myself personally—McCarty."

The importance of these letters, or, rather, of the results which McCarty accomplished by them, can hardly be over estimated. By means of them he so wormed himself into the confidence of the Spanish authorities that he drew large sums of money from them, and was commissioned by the Spanish Minister as Colonel of Engineers in the Spanish army. On the strength of these letters he so hoodwinked our astute Secretary of State, William M. Evarts, that Evarts accepted the testimony of this scoundrel in so important a matter as the detention of an American vessel. The Estelle was detained, and is to-day detained, on an affidative furnished by McCarty, for which service the Spanish Minister paid him $1,500 through Count Brunetti, who introduced him to Evarts. More important than all, by means of these letters McCarty so convinced the Spanish Minister in London (through copies of the letters forwarded by Mantilla from Washington to Madrid, and by the Foreign Minister in Madrid, to the Spanish Minister in London) of the veracity of the statements contained in them, that the British Government actually placed under surveillance, and still holds three steam yachts then lying for sale in English ports. The reported purchased of these yachts existed solely in McCarty's brain, and they were as likely to carry arms to Cuba as they were to shell Cronstadt or Constantinople.

Further than this: so implicitly did the Spanish Minister iff Washington make the Madrid Government believe in the truth of McCarty's yarns, that it is generally believed that the peremptory orders sent to Martinez Campos and Jovellar to bring the Cuban revolution to an end by any means brought about the extraordinary result obtained by Martinez Campos—nobody knows how — in Cuba. McCarty, assisted by the foolish credulity of Mantilla, Evarts, and others, absolutely made Spain believe that a really invincible English armada was soon to swoop down on the island of Cuba! As Antes very pertinently remarked when one of the Spaniards suggested that he had been cognizant all along of the fictitous character of the letters, "I can hardly see how you should think it strange that I should have been fooled by McCarty when he has so successfully fooled the Governments of the United States, of Spain, and of Great Britain."

There is not space here for the publication of the forty-two letters, or of the five extracts above referred to, nor are they necessary to a clear comprehension of this adroit fraud. As examples, two are given below. The first is that which was handed by Antes to the Spanish Consul, on Friday, Nov. 16. The other was furnished later. Both show the consummate skill which provided the minuteness of detail, the gorgeous mendacity of particulars, the spirit of sympathy with Cuba and defestation of "those hated Spanish dogs"—in a letter written solely for perusal by Spaniards. They give some idea of the genius of Col. William Fitz Charles McCarty.

5 Bond Court, Wallbrook.
London, E.C., Oct, 12, 1877.

Sr. Del Monte Aldama.

Sir: Your favors came to hand promptly. In answer I can say that our friends here are hopeful of the cause of independence. We have succeeded in finding the funds necessary for the purchase of the Krupp howitzers. They are of the latest and highest pattern. Also for the three large four-inch Vavasier guns. These we will ship about the 18th to America. The vessel that takes them out will either leave them at Kingston or Grand Cayman, as may be most convenient. I find that it is dangerous to send such large quantities of chemicals in same vessel. We had better make two shipments than one. Here there is no trouble as in America, as we are so far from the field of action that we are in perfect security from the spies of the hated Spanish dogs. I have made arrangements in Glasgow for a fine vessel that can be purchased for the sum of £8,000, and just suited for our purposes. She can steam at least fourteen knots per hour, and has made seventeen from Londonderry to Greenock. She will not require many new timbers to strengthen her. She is 850 tons, has compound engines, two cylinders, six-feet stroke; diamater, high pressure, 64 inches; low pressure, 90 inches. She only burns twenty tons of coal per day, and two barrels of oil. She is prepared to burn the patent fuel, so that in a chase she could steam seventeen knots with forty-five tons and ten barrels of oil per day. I think she is the only one suited for the purpose that I have found. The Garrick Castle is also suted, but the objection is in her wheels; while the Kilntyre (that is her name) is a screw. We can have her afterwards for the guns here without any suspicion being excited. She will be delivered to us at Funchal, Madeire. I propose to take her papers under the Peruvian flag. Our friends here will attend to that. Count Peralvili informs me that there are subscriptions to the amount of 360,000 francs in Paris, that await the arrival of Gen. Sanguilli. I hope the General's wound has healed, so that he may not have the usual trouble with such unfortunate companions. When may we expect the General over here? By the way, I saw the outfitters in the Minories, and they informe me that they have advices from their agents that the 500 Trantor pistols arrived all right in Navazza, and I hope ere this at Bayonia, where I know that General Macco will use them in a way that will make the Spaniard feel his power. I hope to be able to send out in a short time some Henry-Martini guns of the latest pattern. They take the same ammunition as the Spanish Remingtons. I am glad to hear of your success, making a contract for the torpedoes. I have felt for a long time that was the only way to strike a hard blow—one that would be felt for some time. The plan is perfectly feasible, and you have a general officer and brave man at the head of the expedition. He was one of Lee's favorite officers. Of Gen. Huffy and Gen. Cochran I know but little, but they are men of reputation. I will be very happy to hear from you at an early date. I will keep you posted on what is going on here. I wish I had the cipher you use via Colon, as I often have opportunities of communicating with the island. With my best regards. I am, very respectfully, your obedieut servant,

R. Walpole Carlint

The second letter, which is selected for publication from the forty-two at hand, contains a reference to the Estelle:

Midland Grand Hotel, London, Jany. 5, 1878.

Sr. M. Aldama, No. 35 Broadway, N. Y.

Sir: Your favor of 24th received and I will forward to you the copies of the papers you desire, allow me to suggest that you wire Stewart to have as little delay as possible, as I wrote you before he is slow in his movements, he told me that the *Dante* had arrive out all right & that if you wished her he could arrange about the transfer—I think that too many *irons* may burn our fingers—I would suggest that you await developements and if you do not get the *Estelle* off take her her or the *Deerhound*, he seems to think from what he has heard from Glasgow that there is some undue inquiries being made by outside parties & feared that some one had *blowed* too much & intimated to me that I had better mind my affairs until I was put in absolute command of my vessel, this I think is *rather hard* from him after the assistance I have given to him in his financial negotiations, Mr. Long would never have taken a Bond if it were not for me, but I will submit for the sake of harmony—among ourselves—I sent you the bills for all the goods purchased, excepting the one for sale-cloth and some small affairs that I purchased of Messrs. Dunton, Salt & Co., of Great Tower st., and one for friction primers of a small amt. from Moses & Co. I will send you by next mail. Mr. Stewart informed me that he would write you the full particulars of the progress of the negotiations as far as it had succeeded by the mail of the 7th inst. You must be careful & not tell our affairs to too many of our supposed friends as it is *through them we often fail.*

Hoping to receive more letters from you by the mail now due with more favorablé news from New York & New Orleans & that you have secured the vessel spoken of by Genl. San Guilli in his letter to Vis Count De Palma & that all may be well in future. I am

Very Respectfully
Your Most Obt. Servant
R. Walpole Carlin.

On the inside of this letter in red pencil were figures as follows, supposed to refer to the cost of the Dante:

8,600
5
43,000
2,000
$45,000
Total.

The forty other letters, copies of which are before us, and copies of all of which were furnished by McCarty to Antes, and by Antes to the Spanish Consul, are fully equal to the above in the talent displayed in their concotion. It is almost impossible, after reading them, not to be convinced of their authenticity. And still not one of them was ever received by the person to whom they are apparently adddressed, not one was even in his office, and conseqently never stolen from it, and it is questionable whether any of them was written by any other than McCarty or his wife.

The delivery of these letters to the Spanish Consul occurred between Nov. 8, 1877, and Feb. 15, 1878. McCarty had the talent to turn them out as fast as the demand required. Of course, during all this period McCaaty was bleeding the Spanish Minister pretty liberally, but about the end of January Senor Mantilla appears to have been troubled with a slight impecuniosity, for on the 27th of January McCarty addressed the following letter to the Spanish Minister. The letter was handed by Antes to the Spanish Consul here, and by him forwarded to Washington. It is as follows:

254 West Twenty-First Street, New York

To His Excellency Senor Mantilla, Spanish Ambassador, Washington, D. C.

Senor: I have already twice written you in relation to the balance due me, and not having receeved an answer, I again send this through the Consul-General. Please send the balance, by express to my above address; but if you prefer me to come to Washington to receive the same in person, at your expense, I will with pleasure do so.

Trusting you may see fit to reply at your earliest convenience, I am, your obedient servant.

W. F. C. McCarty.

McCarty's talent seems to have relieved the Minister of his temporary ailment, for he relieved him of the $2,000 claimed in the above letter at an interview in Washington to which he was invited by Senor Mantilla.

Antes kept a diary during the time he had business relations with McCarty. From the entry of Thursday, Feb. 7, it appears that at one time Senor Mantilla thought of buying the Estelle, but was advised not to by Mr. Evarts. Antes made the following memorandum at the time:

Called at Consul General's office at 2 P. M., when he stated to me that he had received a letter from the Minister, in which he (the Minister) stated that he thought the best thing to be done was to buy the Estelle for the sum of $30,000, and that he would end all trouble in relation to her; that was he so advised by Secretary Evarts. The Consul-General said it was insanity to do so, as the Cubans would then build vessels all the time, and make $10,000 each time by the operation; also that he did not believe that Secretary Evarts had avised the Minister to buy her. I then stated to Consul-General that the Minister had stated to McCarty and myself that he had proposed to Secretary Evarts to buy the Estelle, and the Secretary had advised him not to do so, as it would complicate matters and have a bad appearance; also that the money he paid for her would go directly into the hands of the Cubans. The Consul-General then said to me that he was going at once to see Sydney Webster, and have him write a strong letter to the Minister, advising him to have nothing to do with the purchase of the Estelle.

On Wednesdoy, Feb. 13, 1878, Antes wrote the following account of one of McCarty's interviews with Mr. Evarts.

McCarty also stated to me that Secretary Evarts said to him that the Cubans had represented that the evidence upon which the Estelle was restrained was false, and that he had asked Aldama and Sanguili if they would make affidavit to the effect that the vessel was not built for them, but they declined doing so; and that if bonds were given that she would not be used for illegal use, and afterward was sold to a foreign Government, and sold to that Government by anyone, and then sold into the hands of the Cubans, that would release the United States Government from any responsibility and the United States Government could not proceed. The Secretary also stated to him that the committee of Congress had demanded the evidence upon which the Estelle was restrained, and that the President would decide before Friday next if he would give the evidence, and if so, then the Secretary would telegraph to McCarty and I to come to Washington to appear before the committee to give evidence in relation to Estelle.

Yesterday Mr. Aldama handed to the District Attorney his affidavit to the effect that not one of these forty-two letters were ever received by him; that he had never had any correspondence with any of the persons by whom they are said to haae been signed; and that he has no knowledge whatever of any such persons.

A New Sect.

Getting Ready to go to Heaven Without Death.

The *Philadelphia Times* has the following:

Within the last week there has been formed in this city the nucleus of a religious denomination whose distinguishing point of doctrine is that "the coming kingdom of Christ" is close at hand. This is a branch new in Philadelphia, of the sect known as the "Catholic Apostlic church," which was founded about forty years ago in Scotland. The danomination has seven churches in London, three in Connecticut, one in Boston, one in New York city, and one in Pottsdam, N. Y. The movement which led to the establisment of the branch in this city was inagurated on Sunday the 3d inst., by the Rev. W. W. Andrews, of Connecticut, with whom is associated the Rev. C. A. G. Brigham, of the same state. Mr. Andrews, formerly minister of a Congregationalist church in Connecticut, has held his present faith ever since his college days. His fourth sermon here was delivered yesterday afternoon, to an audience of several hundered persons, in the hall of the Philadelphia City inistute, Eighteenth and Chestnut streets, where all his meeting have been held and where it is the intention of the new branch to worship until it will have grown strong enough to erect a church building.

The liturgy of the "Catholic Apostolic Church," bears more resemblance to the Episcopal that to that of any other denomination. It calls for the celebration of the eucharist every Sunday morning, a service of prayer morning and evening, and observance of Christmas, Easter, the Ascension, All Saints' Day, and Good Friday. The members, while rejecting the doctrine of "transubstantiation," believe that Christ is "mystically and inexplicably" present in the eucharest. The church teaches also that confession—public or private—of sin to the minister is good for the soul, but does not make it obligatory. Every congregation has a bishop. It is part of the faith that prophets of God and apostles of Christ have arisen of late years and are now speaking, just as did Jeremiah or Isaiah, and Peter or Paul of old. The believers expect a union of all believers in one faith, one baptism, and one church to be effected about the time of Christ's coming, and hold that they are under the same obligations to adopt the ceremonial prescribed by their ministers as were the Christians of old to follow that laid down by Paul and other apostles.

In his sermon yesterday, Mr. Andrews, having called attention to the present wicked and troubled state of the world as being just what prophecy and revelation had pointed out as the immediate forerunner of the second coming of Christ, cited numerous passages of the bible in support of the faith that was in him. Among his references were verses from the first chapter of Isaiah, wherein the prophet speaks under the figures of Judah and Jerusalem. From Joel the preacher quoted:

And it shall come to pass afterward that I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophecy your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions: * * *

And I will show wonders in the heavens and in the earth, blood and fire and pillars of smoke.

The sun shall be turned into darkness and the moon into blood before the great and the terrible day of the Lord come.

And it shall come to pass that whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be delivered; for in Mount Zion and in Jerusalem shall be deliverance, as the Lord hath said, and in the remnant whom the Lord shall call.

This prophecy, said the preacher, began to be fulfilled in the coming of the Holy Spirit, before the downfall of Jerusalem. That downfall was only a type of the more awful judgment which is to fall upon the world at the second coming of Christ. To prepare for death is not enough, he said, for, as we know not the hour of the coming, we should get ready to be translated alive to heaven, as were Enoch and Elijah. As to the time and other particulars of the coming, Mr. Andrews proposed to enlighten his audience next Wednesday afternoon.

Saturday Night Meditations.

Among the sweet invitations of the wise king of Israel we have this "My son give me thy heart." It is the tender pleading of a loving father for the affection of his child. We will use it as the theme of our Meditation. It is a solicitation to which no person is a stranger. From one source or another it is breathed into every ear.

"*Give me thy heart*" says Pleasure. I will repay thee bountifully; thou shalt sit at a perpetual banquet; Mirth shall crown thy days and visions of bliss shall gladden thy nights.

"*Give me thy heart*" says Wealth. Thy coffers shall overflow, and with glistening eyes thou shalt count the golden stores. In life every enjoyment shall be thine, and in death thou will have the blessings of thy heirs. They will remember thee with gratitude as they enjoy the rich inheritance.

"*Give me thy heart*" says Fame. Surely thou wilt not move on with the unknown crowd; devote thyself to me and tread the pathway of glory. Thy tomb shall be a mausoleum, hung with laurels and engraved with the record of thy noble deeds.

"*Give me thy heart*" says Science, I offer no glittering bauble; learning that opens the treasures of antiquity, philosophy that raises thee to the Gods are my substantial gifts.

"*Give me thy heart*" says the World, with her protean aspect; ever varying her attractions, and causing her charms to pass in succession before us, as she strives with syren arts to become mistress of the heart.

See yet another! Even satan himself comes and says "Give me thy heart." He does not appear in his own hideous aspect. As the arch-deceiver, he transforms himself into an Angel of light and urges his claim. Showing us the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them, he says "All these will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me."

Amid the noise of these contending claimants is heard a still, small voice. It is a whisper, but solemn and distinct. No deceitful eloquence, no dazzling display accompanies the appeal. In the tones of paternal love it is heard entreating "My son give *Me* thy heart."

Thus solicited on every side, to which shall we turn? The boon they ask is a precious one; the richest treasure at our disposal. It becomes us to consider well before we part with it; for when once given in all likehood it is given forever. When an ancient conqueror was about to die, he bequeathed his crown to the most worthy. So, to the most worthy should we give that which is more precious than all the diadems of earth.

The question then is "Who, among those that ask, is the most worthy?" In all cases, he who has the best claim. To determine the superiority of claim, we need not much argument. He who says my son, and says it with the authority of a Father, has the strongest claim. He speaks with power, and asks our affection because we are His children. That right no one can deny or dispute. Thus we see who is the most worthy, and to whom our hearts, like those of children, hastening to the paternal home, should spring with involuntary emotion and say.

"Here rest my oft divided heart,
Fixed on thy Father and thy God."

The heart that does not yield to the pathos of this demand, cannot be reached by the cold and dry argument of duty. If we do not feel that the Father of our spirits, who combines the threefold right of Creator, Redeemer and Sanctifier, is alone worthy of our warmest love, there is no logic which can make us comprehend it. This is an innate idea. It belongs to every nature that is not degraded and debased.

Let us consider this as connected with the relation of an earthly parent to a child. To convince that child of the duty to love him before all others, what argument would be used but this? "I am your *Father*, not they; you are my child, not theirs. If dead to such an exhortation, the case is without remedy, for the child that is a stranger to filial piety, is a monster in creation.

Is not God in the highest, noblest, best sense *Our Father?* Do we not so address Him in that daily prayer, which is the model of every prayer. Is He not thus revealed to us in nature as well as grace. Are not all the mercies and comforts which attend us, all the joys which are strewn on our path, all the blessings which decend upon us, the kind provision of a loving fathers' bounty? If so, if God be thus our father, what is the honor due to Him? The honor he asks is this: "My son give me thy heart." What this implies will be the theme of our next meditation.

"All our actions take
Their hues, from the complexion of the heart,
As landscapes their variety from light,"

An Anonymous Story.

An amiable Methodist minister, who recently took tea on Sunday evening at the White House, has published in a denominational newspaper a touching and beautiful account of the way in which the Presidential family, together with a few friends, subsequently sang hymns. Worldly affairs were entirely laid aside, and even Gen. Sherman, who happened to be present, threw his whole soul into the singing. There was, the minister assures us, a total absence of all cant, and the simplicity and earnestness with which the sweet songs of Zion were sung filled him with delight anc admiration.

This happened to be not more than two weeks since, and there is no reason to doubt the strict accuracy of the Methodist ministers report. It is, therefore, with pained surprise—in which, indeed, the whole public will share—that he will learn that the singing of hymns at the White House on Sunday evening has met with a serious interruption, and very probably may never be resumed. At least such is the account which reaches us from an anonymous and extremely respectable source. Of course, it may not be true, and every right-minded man will hope that it is not true. This is one of those cases in which it is more consoling to believe that even an anonymous person is capable of deception than to believe that he has told the truth. Still, the story cannot be suppressed, and in the hope that it may prove to be false, it is sadly but firmly laid before the public.

On last Sunday evening, so the anonymous story runs, the President assembled himself, and some prominent persons in the magenta room of the White House with a view to singing hymns. There were present Gen. Sherman, Secretary Schurz, Secretary Thompson, the Postmaster-General, Stanley Matthews, and a Presidential small-boy. Two or three of those present had never before been admitted to the Sunday evening singing, and were obviously in some doubt as to how they were expected to conduct themselves. The President after distributing the hymn-books, began to search for a nice opening hymn, and the guests sat in silence, with the exception of Gen. Sherman, who, having accidentally dropped his hymn-book with a loud crash, made a remark which at first startled Mr. Hayes. The General, however, hurriedly explained that he had merely expressed his solemn conviction of the truth of the dogma of future punishment, and the President, gladly accepting the explanation, but at the same time taking the precaution to send his youngest child out of the room, announced that the three hundred and ninety-seventh hymn would be sung to the air of "China," and requested Mr. Schurz to preside at the piano.

There is no doubt that Mr. Schurz meant well, but to select him as the accompanist was a great mistake. His views of Sunday and of the style of music suited to that day, unfortunately, differ from those of American Methodists. Moreover, he is a musical enthusiast, and when once seated at the piano has the tendency to forget himself and his surroundings. When therefore, after a prelude so long and so brilliant that Mr. Hayes showed much uneasiness, he launched into a fantasic upon the theme of the "Heart bowed down," which he played with wonderful execution, the President felt compelled to interfere. He remarked, in substance, that he was not a musician, but that it seemed to him that Mr. Schurz had mistaken the time or that at all events he was playing faster than was strictly appropriate to the Sabbath. Thus recalled to himself, the Secretary abruptly cut short his fantasic, and asked for the notes of "China." The music was given to him, and Mr. Hayes, anxious to prevent any further mistakes, requested the company to begin the song, assuring them that Mr. Schurz would soon catch up with them.

Led by Mr. Matthews, the singing began, but before reaching the third line of the hymn Mr. Schurz clapped his hands to his ears, and the singers, with the exception of Secretary Thompson, who had his eyes shut, feared that Mr. Schurz was suffering from neuralgia, and accordingly ceased singing. That conscientious musician therefore explained that he could not listen to that "abominable song" that it was grossly ungrammatical, and that contained two instances of consecutive fifths. Mr. Thompson said that it was a good Protestant hymn, and that he for one considered that if it did not follow the rules laid down by the benighted composers of Papal Church music, or the infidel writers of German symphonies, so much the better. Mr. Key made a few humorous remarks, suggesting that if the tune was not all it should be, it might be reconstructed on the spot, and Mr. Matthews asserted that in America we need not ask for the opinions of European musicians. Although the majority of those present were in favor of continuing the hymn, Mr. Hayes placidly remarked that Mr. Schurz, being obviously in the wrong, ought to be conciliated, and that he would, therefore, abandon "China" and sing something else. Each of the guests was in turn requested to suggest the next hymn, and all, with the exception of Mr. Schurz, who proposed the "Watch on the Rhine," and Gen. Sherman, who proposed "Benny Havens," voted for "Old Hundred" as a compromise measure. Accordingly, "Old Hundred" was sung with great animation, and the meeting was in a fair way to be a brilliant success, when a servant announced the arrival of Col. Ingersoll, who almost at the same moment entered the room.

The Colonel, in his cheery, genial way, said that he hoped he had not interrupted the game, and that he would be glad to take a hand if the ante was not too large, and if there was a reasonable limit to the bets. There was no answer to this remark, until Gen. Sherman, with a laugh, explained that hymns, and not poker, were the object of the meeting. Whereupon Col. Ingersoll, going to the piano, said that he was particularly fond of singing, and proceeded to favor the company with "Lanigan's Ball," which he sang with great expression and an inimitable brogue.

In spite of the entreaties of Secretary Thompson, Mr. Hayes declined to interfere until the entire ten verses of the profane song had been sung. He said that much as he disapproved of the song, it would be indelicate and undignified for him to express his opinion in regard to it so long as there was any possibility that he might thereby induce Col. Ingersoll to cease singing. When the Colonel finally ceased, and triumphantly asked the President how he liked the song, the latter gravely said that while he might look with favor upon such a method of singing profane songs as would not conflict with the sacredness of the Sabbath, he was constrained to express his disapproval of that particular song. Wherever Col Ingersoll announced that with his consent the White House should never be polluted with the singing of religious songs in his repertoire as a measure of disinfection. Accordingly, he sang for two consecutive hours with scarcely a pause, while the rest of the company, with the exception of Gen. Sherman, withdrew, in spite of Mr. Hayes, who urged that it was their duty to listen to the Colonel in order to conciliate him.

It is probable that this will be the last of the White House Sunday evening hymn singing, especially as Col. Ingersoll has volunteered to be present every Sunday night, and do all the singing himself. Our only consolation is the hope that the story is not true. There is no measure of President Hayes' Administration which has seemed so full of promise for the future prosperity of the nation as has this Sunday evening hymn singing, and if it is now to be abandoned, the country will be bitterly disappointed. Let us hope that the story is a wicked falsehood, without the least possible basis of truth.

The Fall of a Mountain.

One of the Most Prominent Landmarks in Montana Tumbles to the Plain.

[From the *Helena Independent.*]

Nearly every resident of Montana has either seen or heard of the famous Bear Tooth Mountain, the most prominent landmark in northern Montana. It is visible from different points at distances ranging from forty to sixty miles, and is in full view from Helena and the surrounding country. The mountain is distant about thirty miles from Helena, and stands like a grim and mighty sentinel at the end of the canon known as the Gate of the Mountains, through which flows the Missouri river. The Bear Tooth was fully described as a wonderful landmark of the early explorers, Lewis and Clark. In all photographs of the northern country the two tusks, rising black and grim, hundreds of feet above the mountain, are the prominent objects. The main tusk remains, looking lonely and isolated in its grandeur.

Last Monday a party of hunters, who were chasing game several miles north of the Bear Tooth, observed a rumbling sound and a quaking of the earth, and supposing it was an earthquake, and not noticing a repetition of it, they soon forgot the occurrence, and continued their chase until they reached the Bear's Tooth. Here they were astonished by the appearance of the eastern tusk. This was a perpendicular mass of rock and earth, fully 500 feet high, 300 feet in circumference at its base, and about 150 feet at the top. This immense mass had become dislodged, and coming down with the speed of an avalanche had swept through a forest of large timber for a quarter of a mile, entirely levelling it. The country around is now covered with a great mass of broken trees and tons upon tons of rock, many of them as large as an ordinary house.

Masonic Temple.

The American Lady—Sermon by Mr. O. B. Frothingham.

The subject of Mr. O. B. Frothingham's morning discourse in the Masonic Temple was "The American Lady." He proposed to say something about that crowning grace of all humanity—the ladies—and he chosen his subject because the American lady is the most exquisite ornament of our lives. In the external of American life there is not that class distinction to be met with which is seen in European countries. With us there seems to be on the surface a montony and a sameness with everything. This comes from the universality of our institutions, in virtue of which we all confess the same responsibilities, and are held by the same laws. In a democratic society it is assumed that all men and women are made of the same stuff, and that mental difference is a thing which distinguishes individuals. But the difference between the perfect gentleman and the boor, between such a man as Theodore Roosevelt and the man in the Tombs or Ludlow Street Jail, can never be described by the English language; it is the difference between a Ralph Waldo Emerson and a Quimbo Appo. Every day of our lives we are made conscious that all men are not alike. Either sex is divided into three classes—males, men and gentlemen; females, women and ladies. In a certain English town the women dress like men, and riding through the streets there one fails to distinguish the women from the men. In habits there are women whose lowness and coarseness are bad as the worst of men. They are women in sex only, but in all other things they can scarcely be regarded as women. Women, again, are more human. In them we have intelligence, sympathy, tenderness, compassion for suffering and sorrow.

"THE LADIES, GOD BLESS THEM."

Where shall we find the lady and how employ language to do her justice? The lovely attributes of her own sex distinguish her. To say that she is pretty or handsome would be commonplace. She is regular of feature and possesses a beautiful intelligence which pervades the harmony of her nature. With wonderful tact and sympathy, which are ever found together, she directs all her own affairs without a frown; she never clamors or cries; her very presence communicates an influence which touches even the centre of motives and guides in the right. Care has come blessed, labors light and burdens not wearisome when she bestows her loving smile; and by her side life glides on in endless harmony to its close. In our language the word "lady" means a woman lifted up; she is distinguished by her wealth, accomplishments and style. This meaning has little significance for us; but the external conditions may be countefeited even in America. Wealth, ostentation and a love of display mark many who by hanging paraphernalia about their persons ape the style of the lady. Walk about the streets of any American town and the spectator will be pained to see paupers assuming a refinement they never experienced or deserved. Another definition of the word "lady" is "bread-giver," and very charming pictures are often seen of ladies in the olden times presiding over their housholds or visiting their tenants and carrying the beauty of their presence down into the lowly dwellings of the sick and wretched. The American lady can only cheer by her presence and soothe by the beauty of her gentle thought.

UNFITTED FOR POLITICS.

In our society, where we must help each other, each one should bring his gift, be it wealth, tenderness, sympathy or other donative to the common good, and the demand is made that woman shall be allowed to work. There is nothing to prevent her from doing what she can, whether like to paint, play music, nurse, cure the sick, plead causes which the Gospel. If she has the ability why, in God's name, should she not do it? Genius knows no sex, and where there is the human power to do the human obligation to work should accompany it. But while there is the noble æsthetic side to the world, there is also a coarse, ugly side to it. Whoever is obliged to work for bread encounters temptation; therefore the coarse work which must be done should be handed over to machinery and the beasts. Are we, then, willing to place woman into the thing we would ourselves escape from? When the lady is immersed in work it should be her study to preserve the sweet, delicate aroma of her nature free from contamination to glorify, lift them up and transfigure them into a nobler sphere. Alas! that any of them should desire to go into the political arena and fight with beasts. (Sensation.) Yet, as she is a taxpayer and a property holder she is entitled to have a voice in the government we all obey; and if she chooses it—well, there is nothing in the genius of American institutions to prevent her from participating in the fight. Why should she choose the political struggle when we see how difficult it is, or the best in the land to hold their manhood and their purity in it? Can we suppose that in the heat of party strife woman will feel nothing? That all the forces playing like batteries upon the gentleness of her nature will leave her untouched, or that her presence will elimate evil from politics, sublimate them and make them pure? Who would care to see the irruption of tens of thousands of women, without sympathy or feeling, into the political field, where chicanery and deceit struggle for supremacy? Would we have them step into an arena where we now leave men of steel to combat alone? What place would the lady have there? None. She would desire to keep out and to exercise her most potent influence in leading rulers in the ways of kindness and truth. The soft gentle, refined persuasions of ladies can do much. The speaker pleaded for the softer, finer elements of our nature—art, poetry, culture.

In past times religion did much for ladies; but now Christ belongs to mythology, and the beautiful virgin of mercy holds her place no longer. But there is still the overarching heavens, and there are around us men and women whose hands it is a privilege to kiss, and as the eyes of Beatrice drew Dante toward that heaven, as Gretchen sanctified her vows in holy aspiration to the higher sphere, where her child had gone, so, too, will eternal womanhood ever lure us on to high and good things.

A statue of J. S. Mill, by Mr. Woolner, the English sculptor, has been placed on the northern London embankment of the Thames.

Owen Adkins is ninety six years old. He is still hale, and lives in Pittsylvania county, Virginia. A more remarkable thing about him is the fact that for many years he was a Mormon, and lived unmolestead in the practial enjoyment of his religion. He married when he was 23 years old, and at 30 announced his belief that the Bible taught polygamy. Much to the dislike of his wife, he married three other women, and built a house for each in the neighborhood. His children number 74, his grandchildren 196, and the family is altogether so large and prosperous that the town is called Adkins. The number of voters that he reared is said to have been a safeguard against prosecution for bigamy.

One day a little shepherd-boy was seated near the road-side, on the way from Vespignano to Florence drawing upon a polished stone, his only pencil another polished stone, which he held in his tiny fingers. A richly dressed stranger, who had descended from a conveyance that was following him, chanced to pass, and looking over the boy's shoulder, saw that he had just sketched with wonderful truth and correctness a sheep and its twin lambs. Surprised and pleased, he examined the face of the young artist. Certainly it was not its beauty that attracted him. The child looked up, but with such a marvellous light in his dark eyes, that the stranger exclaimed: "My child, you must come with me; I will be your master and your father; it is some good angel that has led me here." The stranger was Cimbacue, the most celebrated painter of that day; and his pupil and protege became the famous painter, sculptor, and architect Giotto, the friend and admiration of Dante and Petrarch.

HEADQUARTERS, FIRE DEPARTMENT,
BUFFALO, N. Y., Feby. 11, 1878.

E. J. Mitchell, Esq.,

Dear Sir,—In answer to the letter asking for the record of the Chemical Engine No. 1, located on Pearl St., twenty-seven fires were entirely extinguished by said engine, and good service rendered at nine.

Yours, &c.,
(Signed) PETER C. DOYLE.

"Myrtle Navy."

Through the medium of advertising Messrs. Tuckett & Billings are—as is their practice—again calling the attention of the public to their Myrtle Navy brand of smoking tobacco. The success which has attended the manufacture of this tobacco may well be considered as one of the marvels of Canadian manufacturing industry. Two chief reasons have contributed to this success; first the "Myrtle Navy" has been kept up to uniform excellence of quality, and second it has been made extensively known to consumers of the "fragrant weed." The expense of advertising it would be lost money to the firm if the quality of the brand had not corresponded with the claims which they made on its behalf, and the quality alone would have but brought it slowly though surely into public favor. The two agencies combined have made it the favorite smoking tobacco of Canada, and it can be found in every grocery store from the Pacific to the Atlantic. Scores of im